

Title: The Great Observation

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Living within the
wilderness of my small
hamlet, Yew, I come to
find as the years pass
that things change.

The Orcs have taken
over in recent years.
There are some children
in the village who cannot
remember when Yew was
not underneath the
boothel of their
chieftan. They do not
know a time of no
tributes. They know not
of a time when a howl in
the night was never
heard. They do not know
peace.

Yet, strangely, though I
hate them with every
fiber of my being, I have
come to respect them.

Seeing their bizarre
culture has made me
question even the Virtues
set by Lord British. Are
the Orcs, as a race, so
evil as they are made
out to be? From children
we are taught that they
are monsters. But nay, I
beg to differ after
observing this society of
a struggling nation.

I was held captive for
six months and five days
by them. I had assisted a
family in going into hiding,
because they could not
pay the tribute set by
the Orc chief.

They said I was to be
"sacrificed tu da Bludgod
et dawn". I have come to
understand, after
observing them while
captive, that they are

actually as intelligent, if not more so, than man.

Their dialect is so muddled chiefly because of the huge protruding tusks in their maw, not stupidity as we all assume. Truely, I have witnessed cunning strategies employed countless times to counter attacks made on them during my stay. Lured by the promise of riches within their fortresses, many bands of mercenary's were slaughtered, surprised at the dark figures rushing them from all sides. I have come to see the honor they hold within themselves, an honor as native to them as is their culture. I have noticed that Orcs are very brave, despite popular opinion. They stand their ground against an army of paladin's, even if they are outnumbered drastically. I have seen bands of so called 'knights' try and attack the Orcs, only to flee when two or three fall in battle.

At this, I began to question to myself, are the Orcs the oppressors of man? Or is man the oppressors of the Orcs?

Their shamans tell the runts at night about a time before "humies". A time when they did not have to hide from roving bands of them. A time when "Slay the beast!" was not heard anywhere. It was a time when their ancient lands were theirs. So, truely, in our blind arrogance and pride, have we really been the oppressors all along? Have we been so blind in our self-righteousness as to

not see what we are doing? A misunderstood culture is what the Orcs are. I believe a treaty can be forged with them, though if any of my peers heard this, I would be hung as a traitor. And so, the war will continue. How long? I do not know. In any case, I can only hope a link does grow between these rival cultures eventually. Then again, it could be thousands of years before they stop fighting. I am tightening the noose around my neck, now. In my despair I find that my people are nothing more than oppressive bigots. I will not be apart of such a nation.

I can only reflect upon my own ignorance in the past, and be grateful that I have found the truth. Goodbye.

-Samuel Parker